

The Iron Brigade

A STORY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

By GEN. CHARLES KING

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CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

But Benton had changed, said they, as a result of the first week of watching. He had grown silent and stern, if not sour. He seemed filled with restlessness, feverish energy, and no sooner was the main army back from Hooker's first essay as chief in command, than he sought and obtained permission to go scouting with a small force of cavalry among the by-roads and lanes of the down-stream counties. Released and ordered to resume duty with that military modification of the Scotch verdict, "Not guilty, but—don't do it again," Benton came to the front, bursting with wrath at the foe at the rear—a foe personal, official and professional, whom he felt must be McKinnon. He was not allowed to know at the time, nor to see until long after, the extent of McKinnon's intrigue against him or of its reaction on McKinnon himself. Only one officer witnessed the scene. A week after the Chiltons, father and daughter, had been returned to the southern lines, when Stanton demanded of the major that he prove his case or thereafter hold his peace. He had "foiled away a whole month," said the secretary, "filled it with vague charges and failed on specifications." They sent him away, ostensibly to straighten out the legal tangle in Kentucky, not yet blessed with the benefits of martial law; then, when McKinnon was beyond reach, sent for Benton. Of course he did not see the secretary. A placid, baa-lamb, soft-spoken staff officer had been told what to say. Benton's associations had been—ah—unfortunately compromising, and while his conduct on duty had not been called into question, at a time of such public peril the department held that its officers should be as—be above suspicion, or at least show a disposition to relieve themselves from blame, and Capt. Benton's—ah—refusal to surrender papers confessedly given him by a confederate officer had added much to the gravity of the case against him. "What case?" demanded Benton, fiercely. "Well, perhaps that was putting it rather—ah—strenuously," said the officer. "What is meant—" "Oh, damn it!" burst in Benton, most improperly, "what is meant is that you know I've been accused without rhyme and reason—that you dare not let me meet my accusers, and you won't give me fair hearing," and for this inappropriate outburst he declined to apologize. For another week, therefore, it looked as though, after all, he might get a trial; but it ended in his being ordered to quit Washington forthwith, and to report for duty.

In heart, in pride, in spirit he had been sorely hurt. In heart by Rosalie Chilton's astounding accusation and the impossibility of getting the faintest explanation. After her impetuous outburst she had whirled about and rushed to the waiting carriage, demanding of the astonished major that he take her at once to the boat and, even in captivity, it seems, her imperial highness was wont to be obeyed.

O what a day was that first of July!—warm, soft, sunny, the roads still puddly in places as from recent rains—no dust to choke the hurrying columns, no thick clay mud to clog the wheels or load the worn brigades.

Even before the earliest sunbeams came glinting through the eastward wood, Reynolds had called on his men; and they presently went tramping away northward between moist, smiling fields and orchards, heading for the distant towers of the quaint little Pennsylvania town. Somewhere up that charming valley their leaders knew John Buford to be, for he and his sun-tanned troopers had been thrown ahead to cover the advance and find the army of Lee, well known by this time to be concentrating to meet them.

Years and experience have taught the leaders of the Army of the Potomac something of the true use of cavalry, and there is no more of the blind groping of the old days. They know that Longstreet's whole corps is camping about Chambersburg, across the South Mountain range to the west. They know that Hill is between him and Cashtown, the first village of importance to the west of Gettysburg. They know that Ewell's foremost divisions have struck the line of the Susquehanna, only to be recalled to meet the spirited northward sweep of Meade's far-spreading corps. They know that these men of Reynolds lead the van of the main army, and will doubtless be the first to reach and back the cavalry when those searching horsemen find and tackle the foe. What they do not know is, that from west, north-west, north and northeast these converging columns are all headed for that same little Pennsylvania town, marching to concentrate on Gettysburg, and that this, the First corps of the Army of the Potomac, is destined within three hours to thrust square in between those swift-closing jaws, and compelled, as Buford says to his own men, to "fight like the devil" until the rest of the army can reach it in support.

In far better fettle and discipline is Lee's brave army than when it tried the conversion of Maryland ten months before. Only in two points is it less to be feared—Stonewall Jackson is dead and Stuart's cavalry is as good, or bad, as lost. For once in his life that brilliant and daring leader of horse is of no use to his commander. Through some error of judgment he has gone far to the east and has been cut off from communication. For once the Army of the Potomac has its eyes and its ears at the front when the eyes, at least, of the Army of Virginia are away to the rear. At breakfast time in Gettysburg, this morn of the first of July, Heth's division of A. P. Hill's corps of the Army of the South comes "bulging" ahead, without the accustomed screen of cavalry skirmishers, and is brought up standing by the challenge of Calver's light guns, planted squarely in the middle of the Cashtown pike, and the simultaneous uprising of squadron on squadron north

and south of the road—Devlin's and Gamble's gallant brigades of famous John Buford's division—and there, like a bulldog Buford holds them two mortal hours, until Reynolds, with his foremost men, comes spurting up the eastward face of the brigade, John Buford at the old Lutheran seminary, and notes that the main lines of Heth's division, north and south of the pike, are just forming for advance to the attack in force—all that preceded having been the work of strong skirmish lines—and now begins in grim earnest the greatest and most momentous battle of American history.

First to reach the field in support of Buford's hard-fighting horse is the First division of the First corps of the old Army of the Potomac, and the first brigade to come swarming up the slope is led by old graybeard Cutler, whom we saw at the head of the Sixth Wisconsin in its maiden battle on the Warrenton pike, while, following close at the heels of the foremost and, obedient to Reynolds' orders, breasting the height to the south of the seminary, stride the five battalions of the Iron Brigade, the biggest not quite 500, the others barely 300 strong. White-haired Wadsworth rides at the head of the little division. That's all there is of it—these two brigades, led by those two far western brigades, barring the batteries that ever go with them—but the blue-blooded old Gothamite in command swears he wouldn't swap it, small as it is, for the strongest division in the whole army—and he means it.

It is a sight never to be forgotten, that which greets their eyes as the Black Hats come popping up over the ridge. The westward forest is all alive with flashing bayonets aligned on the little red battle flags, the division of Heth in battle array, reaching almost from pike to pike, with one brigade thrown out "in the air" to the north, and pushing daringly forward to sweep the stubborn troopers, fighting dismounted, out of the way. It is barely quarter past ten, as Reynolds for the last time looks at his watch; bids Doubleday, who has galloped forward for orders, to "back" Wadsworth at the seminary and extend his line to the right; then, calling on Meredith, points to that forward grove at the brook side, "Seize it," he says, "before the rebels can reach it!" Then with the Sixth in reserve, with a full-lunged shout in his throat and fire in his eye, the old brigade breaks into a run, Fairchild with the Black Hats in the van—a 500-yard race for the goal—field, staff and commanders cheering them on, and Reynolds—noble Reynolds—spurting swift in the lead, riding down to his soldier fate.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FIGHT FOR THE GUNS.

Of Heth's division, we have said, are that at the front—fellows that never yet have happened to "sample" this western command—Heth's division, with the brigades of Archer and Davis in the foremost line. The former has started his Tennesseans down the slope, Alabama supporting, and is feeling his way to the front, for that word looks ominous. Skirmishers say



GETTYSBURG IS PRACTICALLY LOST.

Gamble's dismounted troopers, who have held it two hours against their best shooting, are strengthened now by infantry, thrown forward by old Cutler's first line, which can be seen stretching out over the pike, relieving Devlin's worn men, and letting them scurry back to their waiting horses. But Archer sees that in so doing, Cutler has thrust his right flank "into the air"—that Davis, with his Mississippi battalions, is sweeping upon and around it, and is already in turn far in advance of his own fellows; so, most eagerly, Archer orders forward, forward, and the gray lines leap at the word. Beautifully the battle opens for the cause of the south. Cutler's men, in their eagerness to relieve Buford's thinned and wearied defense, have rushed full 600 yards out into the open, and Davis catches them in flank with his yelling southerners; wheels his Mississippians to their right—Cutler barely having time to slip his skirmishers out of the clutch—then onward come the Johnnies, full tilt for the guns of Hall, unlimbered in place of Calver, on the Cashtown pike. Two wonderful things happen and two new features go to the cap of the Iron Brigade.

It is Fred Benton's luck this day of days to be riding with Reynolds as the corps commander spurs to the front, Reynolds has borrowed him as an aide, and Benton, burning with joy and excitement, rides after him into the grove, just in time to see Archer's foremost line come gallantly sweeping down the opposite slope. "Hang on, men! Keep up your fire! Meredith's line behind you!" shouts Reynolds, as he darts swiftly in among the trees. "Hang on, men!" goes the word from center to flank, but things look risky out there to the right, where Cutler's ranks are drifting back. Then, 1,400 strong, the charging ranks of the Iron Brigade come on with a rush. The east edge of the wood is reached by the leaders on the right of the line, just as the southern force bursts through the battle broke and into the

brook; but even as these latter reach the wood, and Archer is cheering them forward, he is amazed to see his wing reeling back, and a blue-capped, blue-bodied human wave curving round the southward end of the straggling timber. Before he can issue an order or strengthen a single battalion, Fairchild and the Black Hats have burst through the sheltering grove in his front, and sprung like tigers on his halted and astonished line; while Badger, Hoosier and Wolverine, swinging round him from the south, complete the demolition of the brigade. He and half his force, 600 at least, are prisoners of war, while the rest are chased to the rear by Meredith's men. First facer for Heth as he glares from the opposite woods, where Pettigrew and Brockenbrough are aligned in support. For him, however, there is comfort to the north of the pike, for there has Davis swept the field and is bearing down on the union guns. Now is the time to support him, but Wadsworth is too quick. Archer disposed of the Iron Brigade's own eyes, the general commanding turns to support the right. He has seen the trouble in a single glance; has seen, too, the way out of it; and in another minute the Sixth Wisconsin is "double-quicking" away over the fields to its right in support of the men from the City of Churches, now in sore need, for those flank into the long out of the unfinished railway, and flat on their bellies against the southward slope, are pouring their fire into Fowler's men.

A fatally good place is a railway cut to shelter a line, when the foe stands fast and contents himself simply with shooting. A fatally bad place it is when the foe won't stand at bay, but comes charging full tilt in spite of the fire, and that, to the amazement of Davis, is just what these infamous Badgers are doing this day. With an onward rush no mere muzzle loader can possibly check when firing "oblique," the Sixth comes sprinting, taking the Mississippians in turn square in the flank and almost in a twinkling, doubling up and driving together, huddled, helpless, sheep-like, one astonished battalion. Down go the red battle flags. Down go the rifles in answer to shouts of surrender. Some dozen, perhaps, bending double and ducking, manage to scurry off to the west. But Gen. Joe Davis has lost two of his colors and all but a few men of two misguided regiments; and here, too, has the Iron Brigade done more than its full share. Wadsworth is all most weeping with joy at the sudden stem of the torrent and the magnificent stand of his little division, while Doubleday, seldom given to praise, is wringing that veteran's hand in hearty fashion. Doubleday's own men now are fast hurrying up in support of the First division and there is soldier triumph mingled with no little anxiety, as the war-torn leaders note through their glasses the long columns in gray stretching far back toward the horizon, all telling the coming of supporting thousands. A cavalry officer comes galloping in from the right, whither Devlin's brigade has been sent to guard the flank of the line. "Where is Gen. Reynolds?" he asks. "Whole divisions are coming there to the north!" Where, indeed, is Gen. Reynolds? An aide-de-camp is spurting at swift trot through the maze of unlimbering batteries. His face is white, his lips are pale beneath the grimy mustache. He springs from his saddle and says: "Gen. Doubleday, you command, sir—Gen. Reynolds is dead."

And now, far out to the right and rear the boom of cannon grows incessant, and signal men are flagging desperately: "More men are needed! More men are needed!" Howard's corps, the Eleventh, is once more, at one o'clock, facing the very same veterans that swept it from the field at Chambersburg, and that seem bent on doing the same thing here.

Then comes the crisis of the day for the men of the Iron Brigade. Nine field batteries are shelling the westward front of Seminary ridge. Nine brigades have been deployed across country and are now, at three o'clock, bearing down to envelop the grim "stayers" of Doubleday. Here, about the McPherson wood where Reynolds fell, raging old Meredith and gallant Roy Stone hang desperately to their ground. But Roy Stone is soon terribly wounded. Wistar, who springs to his sword, is shot in the face. Meredith is crushed under his falling horse. Fairchild's arm is smashed at the elbow; and Stevens, his lieutenant colonel, is instantly killed; so Mansfield, the major, takes hold of the Black Hats. Morrow, heroic colonel of the Wolverines, with every one of his field and staff officers, sooner or later, is shot. One after another five Michigan sergeants are killed while keeping aloft the sacred colors. Hoosiers, too, and the Seventh Wisconsin are fearfully pelted. Chapman Bliddle's brigade, on their left, is hurled back. Baxter is fairly swamped out to their right, and, farther still to the north, Rammeur, Rhodes and O'Neal, with a triumphant host of yelling confederates, have doubled Robinson's desperately battling division, swept its fragments away—*ca, with despair in his heart*, Howard realizes that the day is lost, that only by the fiercest fighting and the best of luck can he hope to save the remnant of Reynolds' left wing that all the morning held so grandly.

Then it is that the Iron Brigade, still clinging to the McPherson wood, gets the word to fall back to its right rear, covering the Cashtown pike. There it is that they find their comrades of the Sixth Wisconsin sternly facing the coming storm despite the fact that everything seems sweeping away beyond them; and Dawes, their acting colonel, pointing backward into the low ground, shows to the brigade commander's astonished gaze that even Gettysburg is practically lost, and through that town lies their line of retreat—the only way to save those precious guns.

[To Be Continued.]

Ought to Have Been Warned. He—if I had known how sarcastic you were I never would have married you.

She—You had an opportunity of noticing it. Didn't I say: "This is so sudden" when you proposed to me after a three years' courtship?—Stacy Stories

Home Health Club

By DAVID H. REEDER, Ph.D., M.D.

Some of those who have no children may begin to think I am paying a great deal of attention to the little folks; but there are many young mothers, and older ones, too, for that matter, who anxiously study everything that will aid in the better development of the children. Of course, I can't say to those who are looking for something else that: "You may be a child yourself some time," but I can say you may have a child of your own some time, and then you will gladly turn to these lectures.

The health of the little ones is really of more importance to the nation than that of its grown people, for upon them depends the future welfare of the people. A shrewd priest once said: "Give me the religious teaching of the children until they are ten years old, and I care not what religion is afterward taught, they will always be of my faith."

So I say, give me the physical and dietetic training of the children from one year before birth until they are ten years old, and I will cover this broad land with the happiest race of physical and mental giants that has ever been upon the face of the globe. I say one year before birth advisedly, because I am a firm believer in the power of pre-natal influences.

It is rather amusing to read some of the directions given for the feeding and care of children in some of the works put forth as authorities. One very pretentious work, and one which as a rule, is very good, says in one paragraph, that after 18 months of age the child can have portions of rare roast beef, roast lamb, broiled mutton chops or beefsteak, white meat of chicken or turkey, and fresh fish. A little farther on, and in another paragraph, he says that a child of three or four years old may be allowed a piece of ripe pear or plum or strawberries, but that bananas and cherries should be forbidden. Now, just imagine a rugged, healthy child, such as one trained according to the Home Health Club method must be by the time it is four years old, being allowed a "piece" of such fruit, or forbidden ripe cherries or bananas! I can imagine the feeling of the average child at being offered a piece of the fruit instead of the whole.

Moreover, think of feeding 18-month-old babies such meats, or, in fact, any meat at all. They are much better off without it. But don't deprive them of a generous supply of good, wholesome fruit. If it is allowed them everyday, they will never overeat of that, any more than they would of bread and butter—that is, if they are taught to eat properly and at proper times.

It is true the best fruits for children are oranges, cooked apples and stewed prunes, and as these can nearly always be obtained, there is no reason why the little ones should be deprived of them—and especially of the prunes, which I consider one of the cheapest, best and most wholesome fruits to be obtained in North America.

Whole wheat bread, rice and preparations of cereal foods should enter largely into the diet of the growing child, and the necessary fats be supplied in the way of cream and butter.

At the age of four years the growing child should be allowed about four meals per day, beginning at seven a. m., then at 10:30, 1:30 and 6 p. m., the first meal to be largely of fruit, followed by a cereal breakfast food, lightly salted, and served with cream, a little bread and butter if desired, and a glass of milk; the second meal should consist of a bowl of soup and a slice of stale bread, lightly buttered; for the third meal something more substantial may be given, with fruit for dessert; while the evening lunch should be of whole wheat bread with milk, or milk toast.

Children like "goodies"—I am sure of that; I speak from personal experience—therefore, as the children who have followed the Home Health Club regime are now healthy, robust little ones, there must be provision made for satisfying their demand for some of the good things.

The lectures on the subject of infant feeding and also for feeding children after the period of infancy, must now come to a close, for the child that has been cared for according to the methods taught in the preceding lectures must certainly have developed into quite a strong, robust, healthy child, with a vigorous appetite, and a stomach that will care for the good, healthful food with which it is supplied.

But there are many hundreds of thousands—yes, millions—of children who will never receive the advantages that might be theirs did their parents but know of the club work. Each member or student should, therefore, always be prepared to aid the suffering and helpless ones, in case of emergency, for these little ones will, sooner or later, suffer from the various ills to which it is supposed all children must pass through.

Don't for Young Mothers.

Don't do everything for the baby that everybody recommends. Don't dose it with soothing syrups. Don't give peppermint tea for its nerves.

Don't worry and fret yourself ill, then expect a "good baby." Don't give tapoca, cornstarch, potatoes, since, without thorough mastication, starchy foods are difficult to digest.

Don't fail to form, early in its little life, a habit of regularity in nursing—from one to two hours is sufficiently often during the first few months. If you observe this rule there would be no need of the following:

Don't offer nature's fount every time the baby cries. A too full stomach is doubtless the cause of its pain.

Don't use the baby foods advertised, unless recommended by those who have proven their merits, and even then they might not agree with your child.

Don't bind too tightly; nature will keep the baby from falling apart.

Don't dose with castor oil; but for constipation gently rub the abdomen. If delicate and emaciated, anointing with olive oil, after the usual bath, will prove beneficial.

Don't forget to give a drink of cold water at frequent intervals. If teething, it is very grateful to the fevered gums.

Don't allow a child to tear or destroy anything for amusement. I have seen mothers give old paper and books to their babies, thereby teaching the willful destruction of such things. Don't attempt to bring up your child without seeking divine assistance.

CLUB NOTES.

Indiana.—Dr. David H. Reeder, Laporte, Ind.—Dear Doctor: Will you kindly tell me through the columns of the Home Health Club, what I should do to limber up a stiff knee that became stiff from lying in a steel frame for one year and two months. I can bend it some, nearly to the shape of a steel square but not any farther. I have practiced and tried my level best. I have not applied anything, but have simply rubbed it with the palm of my hand. Very truly yours, F. H. A.

In the first place, I would advise you to foment your knee with a decoction of lobelia leaves and mullein. Then to treat the disease constitutionally. I think you ought to use the Schuessler method of treatment. Schuessler was an old German doctor who discovered the system of treating disease with minute doses of the various elements of the body. He then supplied them in that manner to the diseased tract—the specific element required by each specific condition, the disease being caused by lack of balance in the tissue elements, which balance must be restored before a cure is effected. Thus in your case those elements which would relax as well as build up and feed the tissues in the nerves, muscles, etc. of the knee would be selected. By all means continue the manipulations. I trust you will adopt these suggestions and let me know of your success.

Mechanicsville.—Dr. David H. Reeder, Laporte, Ind.—Dear Doctor: We take much interest in your lectures and have saved many of them. Will you please tell us what to do in a case of insomnia in a young man of steady habits? He is married. He is in the hardware business and, of course, confined to the store most of the time. He can get but few hours' sleep each night, and then it is after midnight. He is pale and nervous, and his general health is suffering.

He would be very thankful if you could give him some method of treatment which would be beneficial. Will it be necessary for him to get out of the store? What kind of baths would you recommend? He will gladly follow your instructions. Medicines seem to do no good. Very respectfully, yours, L. C.

I would suggest that the young man take a horseback ride every evening after supper. Also that he take no meat after the noon hour, and before retiring he should take a cup of hot milk, as follows: Heat it very hot, but not so that it boils, then, keeping it hot, sip it slowly with a teaspoon—if it takes 15 minutes to sip it all, so much the better. Taken in this way it will not constipate, and is extremely soothing and refreshing. A cold sponge bath in the morning and a tepid, not hot, bath at night, about twice weekly, will be best.

He is probably one of the kind who do not require much sleep, and will be better off if he does not retire until about 11 o'clock. At the evening meal, lettuce salad would be good, but the cup of hot milk should not be taken until time to retire. He should use no tea or coffee, under any circumstances, and should make a practice of masticating his food very thoroughly, drink nothing while food is in the mouth, but an abundance of pure water between meals. I trust that these suggestions will prove of value.

All readers of this publication are at liberty to write for information on subjects pertaining to health. All communications should be addressed to Dr. David H. Reeder, Laporte, Ind., and must contain name and address in full and at least four cents in postage.

Fact About Carbon.

The suggestion has been offered that carbon is transferred from the hardening to the cement state at a much lower temperature than is generally supposed. In proof of the theory is cited the fact that table knives gradually lose their hardness if habitually washed in hot water.

Nothing Left But the Bark.

"He belongs to one of our oldest families, but he is a consumptive. He coughs dreadfully."

"Yes; he says all he ever got from the family tree was the bark."—N. Y. Times.

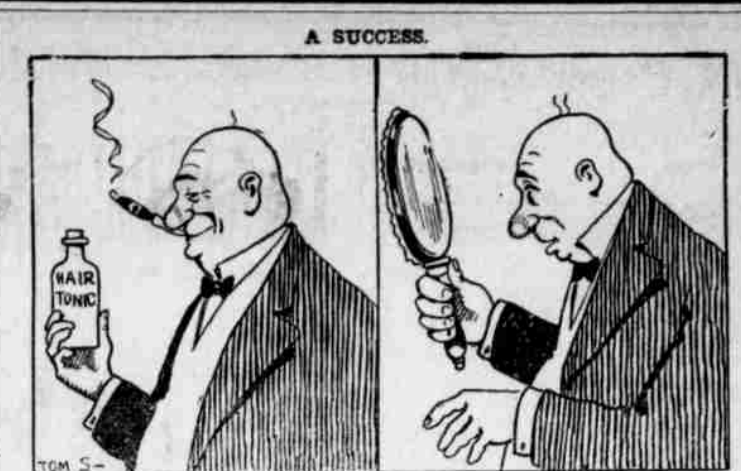
CAUGHT ON THE REBOUND.

(Copyright, 1902.)



Said He—My dear Tessie, you look good enough to eat.

Said She—Thanks; I am a trifle hungry. Suppose we try that restaurant just across the street.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



Jinx—The barber told me that this stuff would make two hairs grow where one hair grew before—

CROCHETED PETTICOAT.

Detailed Directions for Making One of These Useful Garments.

These directions will serve for a petticoat of any size, and any kind of wool may be used.

If worked in petticoat wool, about one pound would be required for a full-sized garment.

As, with the exception of the frill, it is worked lengthwise, it will not be likely to drop, as is so often the case with crocheted or knitted petticoats.

Two hooks will be needed—one long wooden one about the thickness of a No. 8 knitting needle, and a short, bone one of about the same size.

Work a chain the length required from the waist to the lower edge of



HAND-MADE SKIRT.

the petticoat, allowing about three inches for the frill, which is worked after the triclot pattern is finished.

First row: Plain triclot.

Second row: Two chain, which will count as the first stitch of the row, * draw up a loop through the horizontal thread at the back of the next stitch, draw the wool through the loop just made (chain-stitch), keep the loop on the hook, and repeat from * to the top of the row; wool over and return, drawing through two loops at a time, in the usual manner.

Keep repeating this second row until the work is of the required width, join the two edges together with single crochet, leaving a few inches unworked at the top for the placket hole.

For the Frill—First row: Work a double crochet under the end-stitch of the first row (under both threads), * six trebles with one chain between each, under the end-stitch of the next row (both threads), a double crochet under the next row, and repeat from * all round.

Second row: A double crochet under the middle stitch of the first group of trebles, * six trebles with a chain between each under the double crochet between the groups, a double crochet under the middle of the next group, and repeat from * all round.

This row to be repeated as many times as may be required for the depth of frill desired.

Last row: A double crochet under the middle stitch of nearest group of trebles, a treble into the next double crochet, * three chain, pass the hook through the back thread of the first chain, and draw the wool through both loops at once, thus forming a small loop or picot, another treble into the same place as the last one, repeat from * until there are seven trebles with a picot between each in the group, a double crochet on the next group, and repeat all round.

For the top—Work a row of double crochets along the top and round the opening.

Second row: A treble on each double crochet, except for about six inches in the middle, across the front, which should be double crochets.

Third row: Work round the opening and along the top with single crochet—that is, pass the hook through both threads of the stitch, and draw the wool through that and the loop on the hook at the same time; this will make a nice, firm finish.

Stitch a piece of ribbon inside the double crochets across the front, leaving enough at each end to thread through the trebles and form strings.

Falling Hair.

For falling hair you will find the following tonic very beneficial: One dram of tincture of benzoin, one dram of fluid extract of jaborandi, four ounces of alcohol, two grains of mercuric chloride and water sufficient to make ten ounces. Perfume as desired. Apply this twice a day and shampoo the hair every week. If possible, electric treatments should be taken, as they are very beneficial in stimulating the scalp and thus restoring the tone.

Princesses Slips.

Princesses slips of soft silk can now be obtained ready-made, which is a great boon to those who like to wear different colored linings under their summer muslins. They are well made, and can be altered to any figure with very little trouble.

PROPER GIFTS FOR GIRLS.

Pretty Things That Are Appropriate and Will Be Greatly Appreciated.

An attractive addition to almost any girl's dressing table would be one of the new hat pin holders, for in these days of inexpensive, yet variegated, collections of hat pins, a receptacle intended especially for them is most acceptable. These holders are made of silver and look like tiny vases, some being dull, others of bright silver, in very attractive designs, and they can be bought for from two to four dollars.

Another article for strictly feminine use that is rather a novelty is the vanity bag; this is in reality a shopping bag of very good quality leather, which has snugly tucked away a mirror that is large enough to see one's whole face in, instead of necessitating a study of the countenance in sections, as is the case with most mirrors that are intended to be carried about with one; another compartment of this vanity bag contains a powder puff, with a place for powder, and there is also space for small toilet articles.

Then there are belts of all sorts and descriptions, and for a well dressed girl a belt is always an appropriate gift. The newer patterns in silver have the buckle, the piece at the center of the back and the slides at the sides connected by tiny silver chains which are very effective when the belt proper is of some delicate shade of soft ribbon. In this same style a daisy pattern was particularly noticeable and unusually pretty; over the foundation belt there was a row of silver daisies about one inch in diameter, and an inch and one-half apart, and these, too, were connected by the little chains. In addition to these novelties there are many beautiful designs in buckles only, which no doubt appeal to some girls rather than the newer fussier fads, to say nothing of handsome belts of leather with buckles of brass or enamel.

Almost every girl is the owner of a writing desk, and she would naturally welcome some one of the dainty desk furnishings that are to be had at a very small cost. Small candlesticks in plain or embossed silver for use on a desk, inkstands in some ornamental metal, and penholders of a substantial design in silver are always acceptable, and in leather goods there are desk pads and dainty little clocks in leather cases. And in this connection a most useful present would be writing paper. Find out the quality and make of writing paper that the girl prefers and give her not a little old 24-sheet box, but a good supply that will fill up the spaces in her desk and make it look business-like, so that she will have all the material at hand for writing her notes of thanks.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Dull eyes with hanging lids are often induced by apathy and indifference.

Dr. Mosse, a French physician, affirmed the good results of administering potatoes in certain forms of diabetes. He states that he has effected cures by this means.

The best and healthiest trade in the world is that of dynamaking from coal (or Tar and the smell of it is the best of all tonics and tissue builders. The average life of a tar worker is 86 years. The mortality is 89 per cent lower than in any other factory trade.

If you want to be young, don't allow yourself to think on your birthday that you are a year older and so much nearer the end. Never look on the dark side; take sunny views of everything; a sunny thought drives away the shadows. Be a child; live simply and naturally and keep clear of entangling alliances and complications of all kinds.

It's a strain on the hair to be curled and coiffed in devious ways all winter and many fashionable young women are giving their locks a rest just now by dressing them very simply, minus the Marcel wave and various other additions to beauty. One girl discovered that she was ruining her hair by too frequent treatments and curls, and the result is that among her friends visits to the hairdresser have grown less frequent, for whatever else the summer girl can afford to lose she can't afford to lose one strand of her hair.

It is highly important that grime accumulated in the day should be removed before lying down. Neglect of this rule will cause shallowness and blackheads. The face should be washed with hot water and soap, be rinsed in many waters and be dried thoroughly. Next, a really good skin food, quite free from wax, spermaceti and salted lard and containing little or no glycerin, may be applied. If a liquid, it should be brushed over the parts. If more solid it should be gently spread. Any massage below the eyes, or at the eye corners, is sure to make wrinkles. A brush has a marvelous effect on the softer skin lines.

For Rough Hands.

For hands that are rough and sensitive from being too much in water, this lotion will be found very delightful. Two ounces of listerine and two ounces of glycerin. The surface will soon become smoother and less sensitive. The lotion combines nicely with cosmetic jelly, formula of which is: Seven ounces of rose water, 30 grains of gum tragacanth, one ounce of alcohol, one ounce of glycerin. Soak the tragacanth in the rose water for three days, strain forcibly through muslin, adding glycerin and alcohol. A half-teaspoonful of pure borax is an improvement. Any perfume may be added.